

The

Middle School Good Times

Welcome
Back!

Vol. 9 #1

Paw Paw MIDDLE SCHOOL, Paw Paw, MICHIGAN

Sept. 1982 - 201

sun down

As the sun goes down, things slowly come to an end.

A bird silently flies over head.

There's a gentle breeze, a cricket chirps.

Oh - if only things could be this way all the time.

What a wonderful world it could be... or could it?

d. jackson

Welcome Back

Another school year begins and the middle school has had some changes. If your locker is upstairs, you already know. New lockers for the second floor.

Mr. Palasinski returned to Black River and Mr. Erickson moved upstairs to 8th grade science. (We always knew he'd graduate one of these days!) Mr. Hawley came over from Black River and is teaching sixth grade science and social studies.

Our reporter interviewed Mr. Hawley, who is now in his twelfth year of teaching. He started teaching 5th grade when it was still here in the middle school. Then he taught sixth grade and then left to teach all subjects in fifth grade at Black River. He likes teaching older kids because they carry on a better conversation. He likes to teach, he said, because you get to know new people every year and they have new ideas.

Mr. Hawley is not married, his favorite food is a ham dinner and his favorite color is a cross between grey and burgundy. He majored in communications, which is speech, tv, radio, and drama.

j.c.

Sixth Speaks Out

Sixth graders surveyed gave their reactions to the middle school.

Rinda Teske thought "the 8th grade treats her nice." Amy Perry commented on "detentions and being late for class." Nancy Walter thinks "it's definitely better." Christine Rodger said, "better than elementary." John Ruider liked, "Mr. Lutz," while Chris Lee liked, "Mrs. Smith."

Ann Baker says, "It's a big responsibility." P.J. Miller thinks, "It's stupid." Bobby Boger commented on "so many classes. Sharlene Vanos likes, "getting out earlier." Stacy Holewa notes, "no little kids asking questions." Peggy Flimming enjoys "lunch," and James Sacy likes "more activities."

Both Melissa DenHamer and Elizabeth Farrell enjoyed having "differnt teachers." Bob Matlis noted, "no little kids screaming." Shannon Rucinski isn't sure she likes "getting up so early." Jim Carlson is glad to have "art classes." Mindy Arnold thinks, "the lunches are better."

On the other hand, Jeff Barnhart likes "the lunch? (not having to eat it) and gym." John Herbert really enjoys "getting to take chocolate milk every day, and all the girls." Heather Staniszewski says, "It's ok so far." Darren Bishop likes "all the different classes."

Joe Jones is already finding it "boring." Daivd New likes "band." Kim Wilson enjoys "all the different teachers." Peggy Mullins noted "all the work."

Jenny Burk liked "meeting all the people from Cedar Street and St. Mary's and switching classes." Dena Craig said, "It's harder than elementary and you get to meet a lot of new people. You have to walk around all day." David Miller noted, "liking math and the school system. I like study hall."

Glenn Merchant said, "You learn different stuff every day." Ami Abbott said, "It's fun. You can meet a lot of other people." Tracy Barnett comments, "I like going from class to class and not having the same teacher." Danielle Essex likes "it better than sitting in one class."

elections

It's possible that this year there will be a change in the way we elect student council officers. Mr. Pefley is thinking about having an assembly so we can actually meet the candidates, hear what they have to say and what changes they have to make.

Assemblies like this have been held in past years. The whole school is involved and everyone can choose the officers rather than just the student council members. Those who run will have to campaign and will also have to give a speech before the school.

d.s. & n.o.

fall colors

Red, orange, yellow, brown,
Fall on a frozen ground
Beautiful colors, scattered and crisp
Till comes a breeze and across your
feet they wisp.
It's over too soon, the autumn colors
For the white of winter falls and
Everything gets covered.

save the horses

The wild mustangs of the western United States may not be the most beautiful horses in the world, but they are just as important as any other horse in the world and have just as much right to live.

As the ranches in the West began to increase in size, the ranchers needed more land for their cattle to graze. The mustangs were rounded up and used for dog food.

People soon began to protest against the needless killing and a law was passed to protect the mustangs.

The men still continue their cruel roundups of the mustangs running them hundreds of miles with airplanes. Then the jeeps and trucks run them to one large truck and with bloodied foam dripping from their mouths and torn and battered bodies they are taken to the packing houses. Several men literally drag them off the trucks and slaughter them, making dog food from perfectly good and useful animals.

Maybe old broken down suffering horses should be humanely killed as long as the animal is being put out of his misery. But young, useful horses should be able to graze freely or have homes found for them under the "adopt-a horse" program.

The mustangs have as much right as anyone and I think the law that protects them should not be amended as the government wants but should be further enforced.

s.kent

DEAR SAM.

Dear Sam,

I have or at least I thought I had two good friends. One tries to do everything I do and she is pretty unsure of herself at times. She lies about me to my other friend. The other girl isn't afraid to tell anyone off and is pretty confident. Still both seem afraid to lose my friendship. It seems as if they expect me to choose one or the other. I like them both. Do I have to choose?

What'll I do?

Dear What,

No you don't have to choose. Just try to be good friends with both. You should not hang around with one of them too much or the other one will get jealous. Sooner or later, they will accept the situation. It does make it difficult though.

Dear Sam,

I have been trying to meet this real nice girl for weeks. I have talked to her a few times but I don't have the nerve to ask her to go with me.

My family also has moved out of her school district this fall. I'm not far from where she lives still but we no longer go to the same school. I can only really see her when I visit overnight with friends in her neighborhood. Should I give up on her or keep trying?

Distant and Broken hearted

Dear Dis,

Talk to her. Become friends. Then have some friends have a get together so you can see how you'd both feel about dating. At this point, if it doesn't work at least you tried.

Confidential to Desperate:

You are desperate. Do we look like a computer dating service?

Noises in the Attic

We had just moved into my father's great uncle's house. We bought it the week after we heard it was for sale because we all adored the big beautiful white mansion on Thornburg hill next to Causewell cemetery. We got it cheaply because of the strange occurrences after my uncle's death. His next door neighbor John Burkins had found him diced up in a garbage sack in the bathtub.

Now I'm sitting in our living room watching Quincy. I just finished putting my baby sister Stacy to bed. My parents are nextdoor playing bridge with the Burkins. My older sister Meg is out with John Burkins celebrating her 16th birthday. I keep hearing strange noises from the attic on the est end of the house. It must be my imagination. We have heard them before though and my dad investigated. He found nothing.

Oh my God! I just saw someone pass by the door. I have to call my parents. As I hang up, I realize Stacy is upstairs sleeping.

I tear up the stairs to her room to discover she is gone. Just then the downstairs door flies open and my father comes in. I run down sobbing to him, repeatedly screaming "Stacy's gone. Stacy's gone!"

After that I fall exhausted on the floor.

The next day I awake with my parents nearby. They tell me Stacy is all right. It seems they found a diary belonging to my great uncle. It told how my great aunt became mentally ill over the years and how he, my great uncle, feared for his life. He did not contact the authorities or anyone because he had loved her so and still hoped she might get well. Unfortunately and much to our sadness he was wrong and she did not get well. It had cost him his life.

They had found Stacy in the arms of my aunt in the attic. She was humming to her and carefully rocking her as the child she never could have.

Great aunt is now in the Thornburg Sanitarium where my father was told she would be kept indefinitely as she will never be well again.

d.s.

Mr. Kannegeiter, P.E.

Meet Mr. Kannegeiter. He teaches 6th, 7th and 8th grade. He has bee'n teaching for ten years. During that time he has taught social studies, health, math and of course, P.E.

He said the reason he taught P.E. as his career was because he liked working with kids and he wants people to be in shape.

Over the summer he went fishing up north and hiking in the Rockies. He also was on a softball team this summer. He said they started out like gangsters and ended up in just fun. They lost almost every game.

Mr. K. wants everyone to know that he's a swell guy.

d.s.

Mr. Erickson Moves Up

Meet one more teacher, Mr. Erickson. He is one of our super 8th grade teachers. He teaches science. During our interview he said he first had a choice of the ministry or teaching. He chose to preach science to children.

Mr. Erickson took 8 years in college majoring in life science, chemistry and history. He first started teaching 5th grade. Now he enjoys 7th and 8th. He doesn't know which grade he likes teaching the best. He has taught all grades from 5th through college.

His hobbies are stamp collecting and coin collecting. He also enjoys collecting postcards. Coaching such sports as j.v. football, 7th grade boys' basketball, and girls track are things he likes. He also vice-president of the Paw Paw Library Board.

He has two sons named Mark and Mike at Black River School in 1st and 3rd grades. The Ericksons are expecting a baby any day and he wouldn't mind another boy.

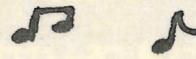
Mr. Erickson's birthday is July 17 and he will be 35 years old.

K.h.

Good Timers

The Good Times Staff meets even days 1st hour in room 214. 7th and 6th graders willing to be reporters should see Ms. Swanson.

8th grade staff includes Kathy Hoover, Meredith Terry, Denise Schlueter, Nicole Campbell, Jacquie Carlsen, Norma Ousley, Pat Killarney, Scott Lindenbach, Chris Eyre, Tammy Ruthruff, Kim Shears, Susan Elmore, Lora Wilson and Cindy Knight, Donna Jacobs.

TOP POPS

Good Timers roamed the building asking everyone they met what their favorite song was.

For Dianna McMunn, it was "I can read your mind." Susan Ambs liked "Abra cadabra." as does April Ruhtruff and Mike Zantello. Missy Montgomery likes "It's hard to say I'm sorry."

The all time favorite with middle schoolers appears to be "Eye of the Tiger" and "Jack and Diane." Choosing "Eye of the Tiger" were Doug Reisterer, Shannon Schuring, Alison Wegolowski, Belinda Douglas, Kyle Kirshman, Jill Gregory and Chris Bartholomew.

"Jack and Diane" is also a favorite with middle schoolers. It was mentioned by Connie Kirshenbauer, Sheri Goens, Lora Redmond, Daphne Sinkowitz, Debbie Craig, Lori Humphrey, Kathy Hoover, Denise Schlueter and Deanna Herbert.

Norma Ousley likes "even the Nights are Better" while Darci Lehto likes "Tainted Love." "Abracadabra" was popular with Pam Koppers, Kris Ogden, Noreen Demereck and Loverboy's a favorite group of Rachael Short, Tim Zdzinski and Stefan Tokarchick.

Bill Lula likes "Hurt So Good." Jon Imus' favorite song is "Should I Stay or should I Go?"

John Cougar is a favored performer for several students. Among them are Pete Rozenbergs, and all those who liked "Jack and Diane." Diane Waymire liked Rick James and "Standing on the Top."

Meredith Terry enjoys the songs, "Working for the Weekend" and "The Kid is Hot Tonight." Cindy Douglas likes "Only Time will Tell."

Jodi Lipp likes "Hard to say I'm sorry." Belinda Douglas does also. David Moorian likes "I Love Rock n' Roll." Evelyn Stewart's favorite is "Fame."

Nikki Wilfong and Tracy Drake both liked "You should hear how she talks about You." Calvin Williams likes "Reagan's Rap." Amy Oliver likes "Eye of the Sky."

Bev Crosser likes "Endless Love" by Diana Ross and Lionel Ritchie. Sarah Ferguson summed up the feeling of most when she said "I can't make up my mind."

Mrs. Mahanty Interviewed

Mrs. Mahanty went to Central Michigan University and majored in phys. ed. She is married and her husband's name is Praf Mahanty. She has a three year old boy named Rabin.

Her hobbies are snow skiing, golf, racketball, knitting, drawing, baking, and eating.

During the summer she played golf all the time.

Her favorite grades to teach are sixth, seventh, and eighth. Her favorite foods are Chinese and pilaf.

Her main interests in life are learning about people in different countries around the world, traveling and living from time to time in a foreign country.

Mrs. Mahanty teaches seventh and eighth grade health as well as phys. ed.

If it's got Garfield on it, it must be Mr. Stenner's. Have you seen his room?

Speaking of cats, one popped right in Mrs. Smith's room. Those windows are tempting.

BACK TO SCHOOL — WORD FIND

1. paper	6. folder
2. scissors	7. notes
3. pencil	8. teacher
4. eraser	9. principal
5. books	10. janitor

Q	A	B	O	O	K	S	M	O	N
I	S	C	S	O	R	B	d	I	F
R	b	c	r	u	a	t	s	e	o
E	p	r	i	n	c	i	p	a	l
h	e	r	a	s	e	r	a	s	d
C	a	t	m	e	s	i	p	g	-
a	w	i	t	s	h	o	e	y	r
e	g	r	e	n	t	N	R	g	f
t	h	t	p	s	h	e	n		
m	o	u	p	e	n	c	i	l	i
n	v	j	a	n	i	t	o	r	s

CONCERT

The Paw Paw Middle School Choir will present a concert on November 11 at 7:30.

We are very excited about this concert and are putting all our effort into. We would like you all to join us. It is only 50¢ admission. We hope you will come.

ad

For sale- Bunkbeds- \$75. two mattresses, white and durable. Call 657-6588.

pet poems

Mr. Topp and Ms. Kelly-Gottwald's reading classes produced the following poetry.

Frawamies

This creature is a frawamy. Frawamies live in frozen feet, famed fairgrounds, fishy footballs, and fresh fuel. Frawamies eat furious frizz, frightful fudge, fluorescent frost, and fuzzy firewood. Frawamies find feathers, fight flies frequently flatter and flatten fences. My frawamy feverishly fires fireworks and frantically frightens fathers.

Cherie Dingman

Skipawoo

This ia sa skipawoo. Skipawoos live in smelly socks, stinky sneakers, slimy sewers and sicken-ing settlements. Skipawoos eat sculptured statures, soupy soybeans, sesneless senior citizens, and skimpy swimsuits. Skipawoos slay sneators, slap students, save secretaries and slug soldiers. My skipawoo silently skips snacks and shamelessly shampoos snakes.

Michelle Osment

The Rinkalites

The Rinkalites live in Red ribcages, raunchy ringworms, real rats, and rare Russians. Rinkalites eat rotted roosters, rough razors, roundRomano, and royal rags. Rinkalites ruin rulers, row rafts, eack

rifles, and rhyme riddles.

My Rinkalite rudely reads Rumble fish, and responsively rents rooms. Chris Brill

Lance lost?

A strange thing happened to one of the middle school teachers.

Mr. Sang while getting into his car to drive over to the high school didn't notice that a cat had crawled into the backseat. When he arrived at the high school a lady questioned him about the cat and how was it he got it to sit so still on the seat.

Mr. Sang thought that was a most weird question since he did not have a cat. He imagined the lady had some sort of problem.

45 minutes later when his meeting at the high school was over, he returned to his car to find the cat sitting in the car, windows rolled up and all.

The cat leapt upon his shoulder when he entered the car. "I thought I was going to jump through the roof, exclaimed Mr. Sang. The cat luckily had a tag on that said, "Lance." His phone number was printed there too. Mr. Sang called the owners and returned Lance to his home.

G. Blacksten

note

Note: When we survey classes for the opinion polls, we often cannot include every opinion we obtain. We do our best to get a cross-section of eighth, seventh and sixth graders. So, if this time your opinion was not included, please don't take offense. We will undoubtedly include you next time.

DINO WASH

Ever wonder how to wash your band new brontosaurus? Here is just one of the many ways submitted by eighth graders.

First you have to find the dinosaur. Once you have located the one you want, you have to capture him and make him your own. (unless you already have one, in which case move on to the next step,) Bring it to Lake Michigan. Then get 100 pounds of soap. Scrub him down with a brush attached to a derrick. Use five helicopters with water buckets to rinse him.

Next, you will need to transport him to the Sahara Desert, by cargo jet, in order to allow him space to dry.

At this point, considering how much you have invested in having a clean dino, you will probably feel like letting him find his own way home. Still, then you will no longer have a dino. Fly him home and let him roll in the back yard as freshly-washed dogs do. Congratulate yourself on a job well done.

M. Kelly

faculty spot

An interview with Mr. Ruesink

Mr. Ruesink has been teaching at the middle school for at least twelve to fourteen years. He said he would be a chemist if he could not teach. He studied chemistry before he went into teaching. He might consider being a minister because he says it runs in his family on his mother's side. Also he might be a farmer, which runs on his father's side.

He has a dog named Mandy, a Black lab and an American blue cat named ...get this.. Mephistopheles.

His favorite kind of car is "one that I own and that I don't owe the bank."

His favorite songs include the song "Money for Nothing". He likes the guitar work on it by Dire Straits. He also likes Power Station's guitar work.

a daughter named Jeffra and a son named Damian. They both attend Three Rivers Schools. His wife's name is Leilani and he has been married for seventeen years.

t.t.

bird bath

Interested in washing any other sort of creature?

My hobby is giving birds baths. To catch them I put bird seed in the bottom of my washing machine and sit down for a long wait. After a while a bird will flutter in and I will throw a screen over the opening of the machine. The water in the machine slowly fills as I drop detergent through the screen. The water starts to swish and the floating bird sways happily to and fro in sheer bliss.

Then the water seeps away to be replaced by rinse water. This especially thrills the bird substantially. It tweets in delight. Soon comes the spin cycle and I turn it off to dry the bird I tie a short string to its foot and the table. Since its wings are wet, I do this only as a precaution. I hold a dryer to its face and give it the feeling of being in flight. It flaps its wings and soon is dry. Then I release it.

M. Forster